

APRIL FOOL



Templar

The First Truly Economical Car

UNTIL NOW, the owner of a superlatively good car owned a large car, expensive to operate.

And the owner of a small car owned a cheap car—also expensive to operate.

The Templar is not merely light in weight, and moderate in size, it is also superlative in quality, and therefore inexpensive to operate.

It is luxuriantly comfortable.

It is the most completely equipped car in America.

And it has a smooth, lively, powerful motor, Templar built, which gives this quality car quality performance.

It is the rich man's demand:—Quality and Economy.

It is the poor man's need:—Economy and Quality.

It is the wise dealer's opportunity.

Write to us.

Specifications

Templar Top-Valve Motor—Positively lubricated, overhead valve action—enclosed for silence. Tungsten steel valves. Counter-balanced crankshaft. Full aluminum crank case. 118-inch wheelbase; 32 x 4-inch Goodyear cord tires. Axles—Front, .35 carbon steel, steering knuckles and arms Chrome-Vanadium. Rear, shafts Chrome-Vanadium.

um, differential, .05 nickel steel, Bock Bearings.

Springs—Half elliptic front and rear. Chrome-Vanadium, bushed with "Nigrum" oil-less bearings.

Transmission—Nickel steel gears, .40 carbon steel shaft operating on New Departure ball bearings.

Choice of three standard colors.

The Templar Motors Corporation
2200 Halsted St., Lakewood, Cleveland, O.

Body Styler and Prices f. o. b. Cleveland

Five Passenger Touring..... \$1985

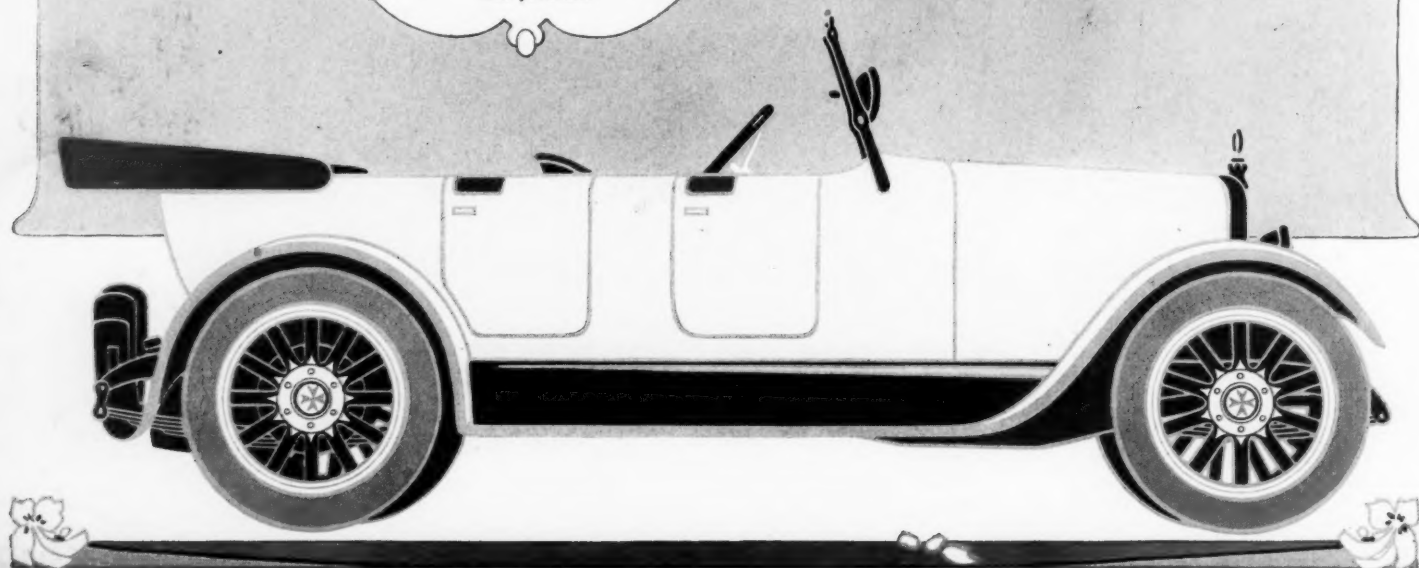
Four Passenger Touring..... \$1985

Four Passenger Victoria-Elite.... \$2155

Two Passenger Touring Roadster \$2255

Enclosed Bodies Custom-Built to suit purchaser

Vitalic Top-Valve Motor

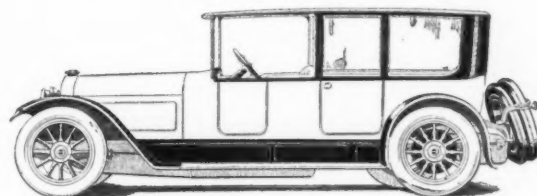


PRE NVMERO

EXCELLENTIA

LOCOMOBILE

THE UNUSUAL
AND ESSENTIAL POINT
OF LOCOMOBILE CONSTRUCTION
IS THE
STRICT LIMITATION OF
THE NUMBER OF CARS BUILT
THE RESULT AIMED AT
IS NOT
QUANTITY BUT QUALITY



THE LOCOMOBILE COMPANY OF AMERICA
MAKERS OF FINE MOTOR CARS



The Next Number

Makes you feel like
loving your enemies.



Helps you to forget
your income tax.



Brings you in im-
mediate contact with
famous people, and



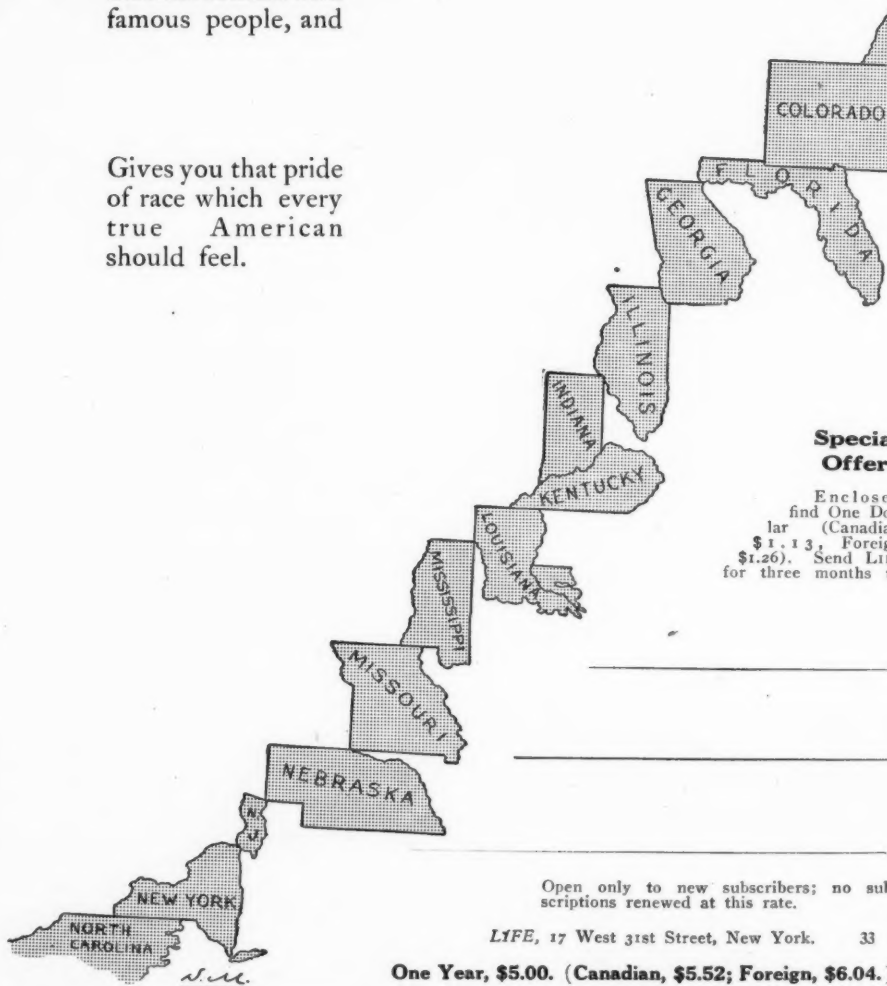
Gives you that pride
of race which every
true American
should feel.

Our soldiers and sailors all like LIFE. Send them your copy when you have read it, or, better yet, enter a subscription.

Subscriptions to LIFE may be sent to American soldiers abroad at American rates of postage if addressed to them as members of the American Expeditionary Forces.

The price of annual subscriptions, postage included, for Canadian, British and other soldiers in the Allied armies, is \$6.04.

Several sample copies will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents.



Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York. 33

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)



Wages of Greater Production

The advantages of dependable motive equipment are marked and manifold—in the finished product, in maintained production, and in the good-will of every man behind the work.

Employees do not welcome loss of time and money due to faulty equipment shut-downs. In like measure they welcome full wage for full time, with a little extra now and then as a result of greater output.

Because of the good-will they establish in the front office and on the pay-roll, Robbins & Myers Motors have rightly won their reputation for day-in-and-day-out dependability.

No establishment is better than its men, and men cannot attain their highest efficiency when impeded by faulty operating equipment.

Big machine or portable drill—whatever the equipment calling for a motor of from 1-40 to 30 horse-

power, its operating efficiency is enhanced by a Robbins & Myers, the result of 21 years' experience in the building of dependable motors.

* * *

Manufacturers of the better electrically-driven devices equip their product with R & M Motors for the self-same reason of reliable performance. A Robbins & Myers Motor on a vacuum cleaner, washing machine, addressing machine, mailing machine, coffee grinder or meat chopper is a sure sign of unusual quality throughout—a guarantee of better service.

Power users, makers of motor-driven devices, and electrical dealers find the wages of better production, better performance and better sales in the Robbins & Myers line.

The Robbins & Myers Co., Springfield, Ohio
For Twenty-one Years Makers of Quality Fans and Motors
Branches in All Principal Cities

Robbins & Myers Motors





**AT THE
FIRST DROP OF RAIN**

Obey that Impulse

Put on Your
WEED TIRE CHAINS

THE ONLY DEPENDABLE SAFEGUARD
AGAINST SKIDDING

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, INC., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
In Canada - Dominion Chain Co., Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ontario.





L I F E

Verboten

IN GERMANY



The Tale of an Erstwhile Pest

I KNEW a boy, but yesterday,
Who lived three houses down the
street:
He smashed our windows in his play:
His talk was rude and indiscreet.
He used to rob our cherry tree:
At his approach our cat would quail.
It always used to seem to me
That he would end in jail.

Then, overnight, the war-smoke came;
The boy shot up to man's estate:
Grim-faced he watched the nearing
flame—

This youngster we were wont to hate.
With firm-set jaw and lifted eyes
And back as straight as any lance
He left us in our first surprise
And went away to France.

And now we speak his name with pride—
We, who said jail would be his lot:
We tell his virtues far and wide:
No day goes by that he's forgot.
Of old we did not understand,
And in that thought we take no joy;
But now we wait with outstretched
hand—

Good luck to you, my boy!

Kenneth L. Roberts.



WHAT DID SHE MEAN?

"YOUR HUSBAND, MADAM, HAS JUST BEEN STRUCK BY LIGHTNING."

"MERCIFUL HEAVENS!"

Cut It Out, Says President Wilson

PRESIDENT WILSON has expressed his distress that, through inadvertence, Form 64, issued by the office of the Provost Marshal General, providing a manual of instructions for Medical Advisory Boards, contained the words: "The foreign born, and especially Jews, are more apt to malingering than the native born."

These words, the President says, "represent a view absolutely contrary to that of the administration," and he has ordered "an immediate excision of those sentences."

That is splendid. Also amusing.

It seems that Jews and Jewish newspapers complained to the War Department.

But what is the fact?

Can it possibly be true, the administration's view notwithstanding, that "the foreign born, and especially Jews, are more apt to malingering than the native born"?

Presumably it is true. If it wasn't, it would be a wonder. There are plenty of Jews in our armies, and presumably they make good soldiers. But the mass of Jews at present in this country are newcomers, out of countries where they were mistreated. They are poor, not high types of their race, and intensely bent on acquisition of all sorts, from flat-houses to political power. If they and the new-come foreign born generally did not furnish more malingers, fanatics, criminals, revolutionaries and objectionable characters per thousand than native-born people who had grown up here, it would imply that our boasted institutions were no better than Russia's. It were a bad outlook for Uncle Sam if the native born were not readier to fight for this country than the last shipload of Russian refugees.

Barred Out

ST. PETER: What in time are you coming here for? Aren't you a Hun?

"Sure!"

"Well?"

"Hell's full of us, and we've had notice to quit."



HISTORIC BOYS
GRUBLESS HERBIE

Surprising Information

Mr. Asquith's inquiry as to whether we are ready to restore Belgium's full freedom can only be meant as a rhetorical question; for Mr. Asquith must know that, aside from a handful of dreamers, nobody thinks of handing Belgium again to England and France.

—The Berlin Lokal Anzeiger.

IT is interesting to learn that Germany contains even a handful of dreamers who favor decency, honor and

truth. There is a widespread belief that everyone in Germany favors murder, rapine, theft, cathedral-wrecking, falsehoods, Hohenzollernism and utter brutality. The German government should print the names of its handful of dreamers and spend some of its propaganda money to get them into every English, French and American home. In this way the German government might be able to make a few people believe that there is somebody in Germany who isn't entirely rotten.



HISTORIC BOYS
LIGHT-FINGERED FRITZ

Loneliness

ONCE upon a time there was a man who lived in the middle of a great city. Day or night he was never out of touch with countless people. Few of his waking hours were spent alone. Yet he was always lonely. He had no friends.

Another man lived in the centre of a large forest. He was a hundred miles from the nearest human being. He had for company the birds and the

streams and the beasts of the earth. Yet he was never lonely. He had many friends.

Otis C. Little.

Recipe for a Peace Rumor

TAKE a pint of pacificism and a quart of credulity. Add a pinch of treason. Mix and let rise in the yellow press. Roll out thin. Bake over the hot fire of popular impatience. Serve with sliced tongue garnished with gossip.

L. Bond, Recruiting Sergeant

"YOU are old? Your cash is young,"

Says Sergeant Bond.

"Send i forth the boys among,"

Says Sergeant Bond.

"Money runs on tireless feet,
Money feeds and does not eat,
Money's never obsolete,"

Says Sergeant Bond.

"Are you weak, and can't enlist?"

Asks Sergeant Bond.

"Money has a mighty fist,"

Adds Sergeant Bond.

"Money like an eagle flies;
Never wounded, never dies;
Never captured by surprise,"

Says Sergeant Bond.

"You have not a boy to send?"

Asks Sergeant Bond.

"Buoyant bills the lack will mend,"

Says Sergeant Bond.

"Dollars' eyes are always clear,
Dollars dread no cannoneer,
Dollars fight and never fear,"

Says Sergeant Bond.

"You would like to do your bit?"

Asks Sergeant Bond.

"Well, your cash is fine and fit,"

Pleads Sergeant Bond.

"Let your cash the khaki wear,
Let it breathe heroic air,
Send it forth to do and dare,"

Says Sergeant Bond.

Amos R. Wells.

Cavaliers Come Back

SPORTSMEN do not favor the present administration. It is a pity, because sportsmen are apt to be good fighters, and are keen for the war. They are likable, too, though not very safe to tie up to.

The cavaliers always come back. The Puritans are always detested in the end. It is not because they are pure, but because they are mean and tyrannous.

Credit

"WHY didn't you buy your Liberty Bond of me, sir? Some other girl was prettier, I suppose."

"On the contrary, I wanted to buy of a girl plain enough so that I might have some little credit for being a patriot."



KEEPING OPEN HOUSE

The Bully of the Nations

GERMANY leaped into the war secure in the knowledge that her man-power, armament and general preparedness were superior to that of all the rest of Europe combined. Had she lacked that knowledge she would have stayed out of the war with great determination and zeal. Events have justified her policy; for wherever she has been met, man for man and gun for gun, she has met nothing but defeat in nearly four years of fighting. Germany is a professional, congenital, traditional, typical bully. She never has been, is not, and never will be, capable of tackling anybody her own size without getting the worst of the argument. She hasn't the moral fibre, the breeding or the spiritual resources to be capable of overcoming an opponent whose physical strength is equal to her own.

Kenneth L. Roberts.

FIRST DOG: How is brother collie over there? Is he in your set?

SECOND: Oh, yes; we visit the same garbage pails.

BLACK: The widow married a bank president, and her daughter caught a young millionaire!

WHITE: I see—a case of mother and child doing well.



"Youth comes but once"

German Lies and the Half-Beast Philosophy



ORDINARY incredulity is not competent to cope with German deceit. In spite of the fullest realization that Germans who have swallowed the Prussian dope are liars, the minds of most persons remain more or less open to German assertions. The case is like that of the newspapers, only a thousand times more so.

Everybody knows that newspaper reports of occurrences and things said are usually inaccurate, often misleading, and sometimes quite untrue. Everybody knows that complete accuracy is impossible for newspapers; that they have not time to secure it, and

that, what with haste and fallible instruments, with the best will in the world to tell the truth, every one of them is likely to vary from it in some instances every day.

We know all that, and yet when we read in the paper that someone we know, or know about, has said or done something surprising or reprehensible, we are very apt to accept the story as though it was all gospel, and begin at once to comment on it. Then when in due time the correction or modification comes along, we are ashamed of our heedless credulity, that after innumerable warnings insists on being fooled.

That is very much the way it is with us in our mental attitude towards the Prussianized Germans. We have not been brought up among habitual liars, and our instinct is to believe what is said to us and what we read. The German mind and the German use of falsehood in war and about it are so novel to us that we cannot get used to them. We have had no experience or practice to qualify us to deal with them. Deceived a hundred times, we disbelieve the next time, and the next, and the next; but in ten following attempts the skilful German liar may fool us twice again.

It is mortifying. It makes us seem so simple.

What we must do is to install and maintain against Germans an effective incredulity that will admit no lies. It will cost us something, because it will shut out now and then something that is so; but that can't be helped.

* * *

AND we must try not only to understand but to remember without relapses what manner of mind it is that is in possession of the German people and is using it in this war.

Vernon Kellogg, biologist, who was food distributor in Belgium and northern France in 1915, and lived and worked with German high officers, understands about that, and has told a little about it in the *March North American*. He knew by reading that the German thought-masters professed to believe in wars of extinction as necessary factors of evolution, but, as he says, it was not till he "had lived in and travelled about all over German-occupied Belgium and France, seeing and hearing many incredible things, and had

spent days and nights and weeks and months of much talk and enlightenment at German Great Headquarters," that he realized that what he had read in German books was not mere reading, but "the reasoned acceptance of a terrible and fatal philosophy, widely and thoroughly spread among a whole people, that makes war and slaughter and rapine desirable, and justifies in the conduct of war every form of cruelty and deceit, and all surrender of personal humane and moral standards." It is a philosophy, Dr. Kellogg says, after reading about it and watching its works near-to as they proceeded, "that puts man's position and behavior back, not into medieval times, but into pre-historic, Glacial time, when a half-beast, half-man type was all of man that earth knew."

* * *

THIS philosophy is what has got the Germans, and it has got them, brains, belly and boots. It is what the world is up against, in a struggle that, pray God! may be decisive. Anyone who thinks any considerable body of Germans has escaped it is invited to read Charles Edward Russell's article in the *March Harper's* about the deportment of German Socialists before the war, and their conduct when war befell. If any Germans could have been expected to escape the clutch of the half-beast philosophy it would have been the Social-Democrats. But no. Swine-like they were before the war, and when the war came, down and in they rushed with the rest, all except Liebknecht and a handful. As Socialists they had had the same thought as the rest of Germany—to be proprietors of what they went into.

An awful people; strangely possessed and accursed!

We must not forget it. Nobody seems fully to take it in until they have fought on the Western Front. Most of us cannot do that, but still we must take it in, and hold on to it, and present a tempered and burnished incredulity to German lies. For this is our front, and here we must fight.

E. S. M.

Tapping Uncle John

UNCLE JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER will give up thirty-eight million dollars this year to the income tax.

Are we ahead that much?

Not entirely.

We are ahead only so much as the direction of the expenditure of that money by W. G. McAdoo, Newton Baker and others is more to our advantage than by Uncle John.

In ordinary times Uncle John directs expenditure very well, and keeps adding all the time to accumulated capital, which last exploit, in spite of the Bolsheviks, has still some standing as a useful service. But in times of emergency like these, the feeling is that Uncle Sam, through his accredited agents, can beat Uncle John in the disposition of funds, so that branch of his labors is partly taken over.

And the accumulation of capital is postponed till after the war. And that's what the income tax comes to.



"HEAVENS, SAM! WHAT'S THIS?"
"WHY, THAT'S OUR NEW HANGING LAMP."

The Benevolent Germans Become Peevish

FOREIGN SECRETARY VON KÜHLMANN was considerably incensed at the Bolsheviki, prior to their recent unqualified quitting, because, in spite of their constant talk of peace, "they maintained themselves by brutal force." He further complained that "their only arguments are cannons and machine guns." It is easy to understand how angry the rude Bolsheviki must have made von Kühlmann and his brother Germans. The humane kindness and gentleness which the Germans practised in Belgium, their tenderness and forbearance in northern France, their clemency and Christian charity toward the Serbians, the Rumanians, the Armenians, the passengers on torpedoed liners and the women and children of conquered territory have had absolutely no effect, apparently, on the coarse, barbarian Bolsheviki. They still argue with cannons and machine guns, instead of with truth, sincerity, unselfishness, sympathy and love, as do the Germans. How passionately angry the noble Germans must be at the Bolshevik rough-necks!

School Day

UNABLE longer to withstand the gnawing of curiosity, a certain old lady called the boy next door to the fence.

"Don't you go to school, son?" she inquired.

"Oh, yes," he answered.

"You were home Monday," she reminded him.

"We had a holiday on account of Arbor Day," he explained.

"But you didn't go Tuesday, either."

"That was Bird Day."

"And Wednesday?"

"Flag Day."

"Thursday?"

"Conservation Day."

"Friday?"

"Well," he elucidated, "Friday was the only day in the year left for school, so we were given a holiday to celebrate it."

Terrell Love Holliday.

Aggressive

THE witness had heard the man and his wife quarreling.

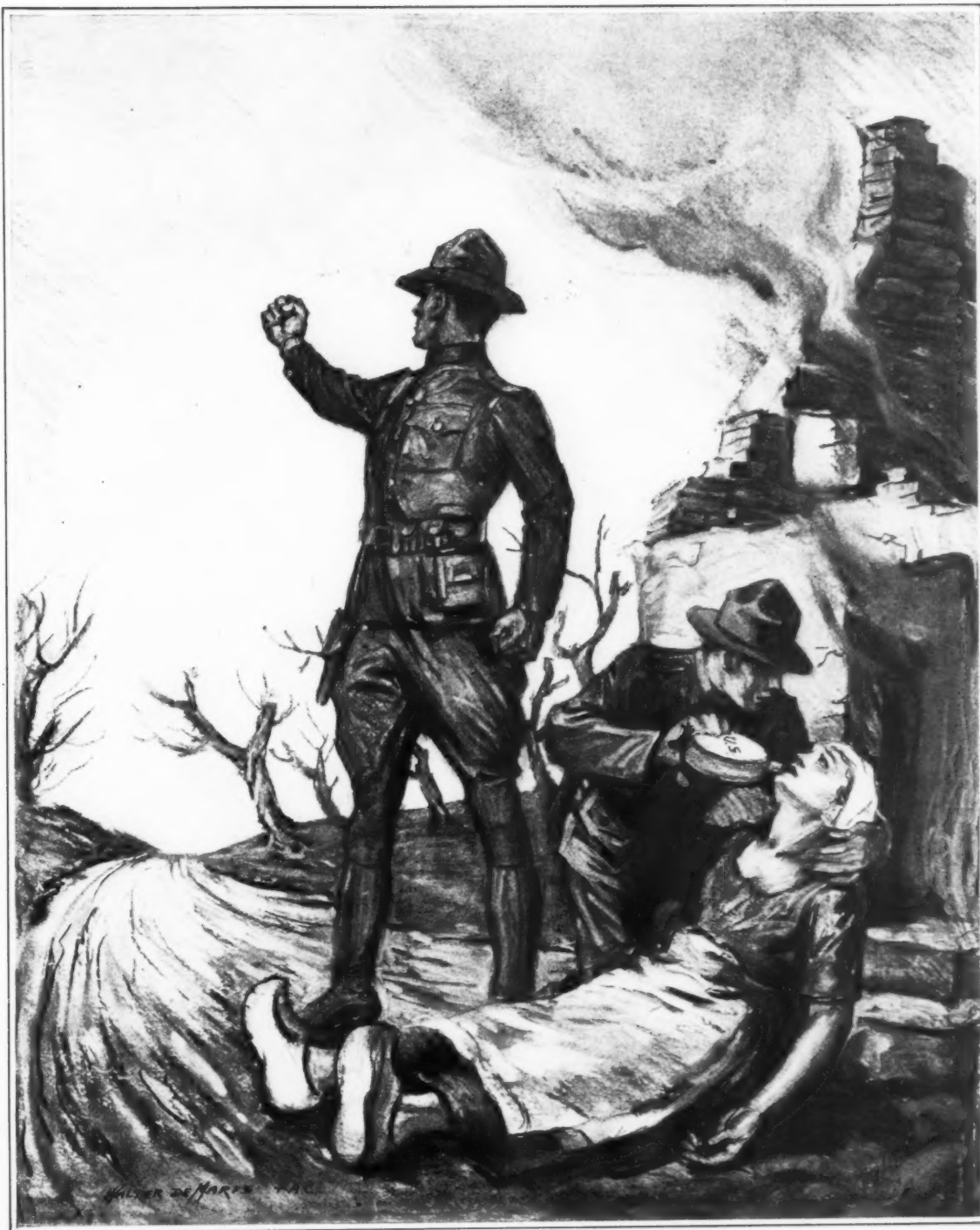
"Did he seem to be the aggressor?" asked the lawyer.

"Very much so—he kept trying to say something," the witness replied.



PAUL GOULD

Careful Dresser: I THOUGHT THIS NEW HAT WOULD MAKE PEOPLE SIT UP AND TAKE NOTICE



THE VOW

Life's Title Contest

For the best title to the picture on this page

LIFE will award prizes as follows:

First Prize, . . . \$500.00
Second Prize, . . . \$200.00
Third Prize, . . . \$100.00

With Special Prizes for Soldiers and Sailors

The contest will be governed by the following

CONDITIONS

Contestants are advised to read these conditions carefully, and to conform to them exactly. LIFE cannot undertake to enter into correspondence or to reply to inquiries.

By "best" is understood that title which most cleverly and briefly describes the situation shown in the picture.

No title submitted shall consist of more than twenty-five words. Hyphenated words will be counted as one. Contestants may send in more than one answer, but each one must be on a separate sheet, with name and address plainly written.

The contest is open to everybody. In case a prize is won by a Soldier or Sailor \$100.00 extra will be added to the first prize, \$50.00 extra to the second and \$25.00 extra to the third. By the term Soldier and Sailor is meant anyone, no matter what the rank, in the uniformed forces of the United States



For the Best Title to this Picture \$800 will be given in Prizes

See conditions on this page



"PASSING THE HAT"

government. In case of any dispute as to the status of a winning contestant under these terms the Editors of LIFE will be the sole judges. But a liberal interpretation will be placed on the conditions.

The contest is now open. It will close at noon on May 6, 1918, no manuscripts received after that time being considered.

All manuscripts should be addressed to the Contest Editor of LIFE, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York. Envelopes addressed in any other way will not be considered. Envelopes must contain nothing but the competing title and the name and address of the sender, plainly written, all on the same sheet. If you have anything else to say to LIFE, send it in a separate letter. The Editors will not be responsible for

the loss of manuscripts. Contestants are advised to keep duplicate copies. No manuscripts will be returned.

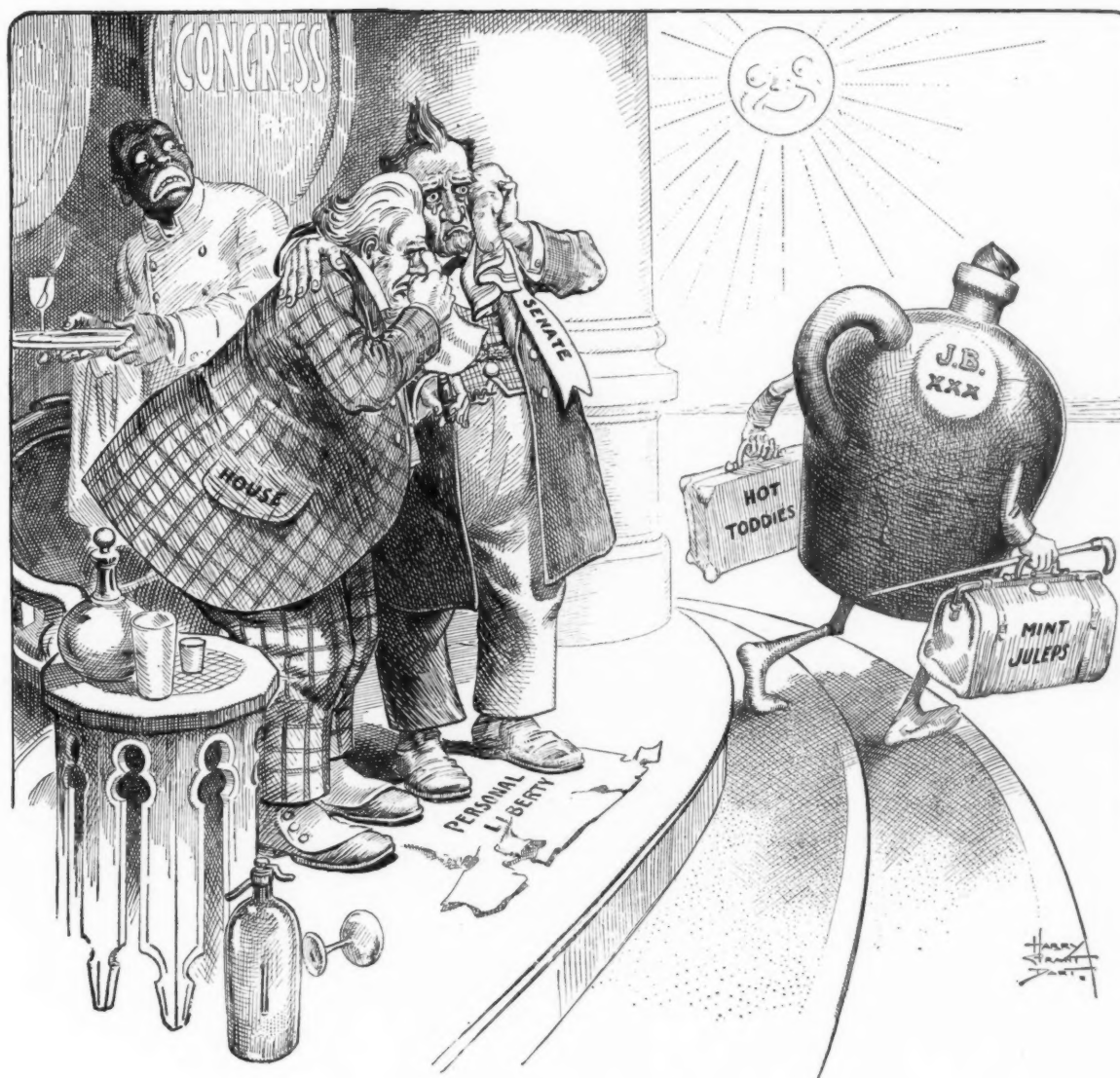
Titles may be original or may be a quotation from some well-known author, but in this case the source must be accurately given.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE to be a contestant.

In case of ties the full amount of the prize will be given to each tying contestant.

The final award will be announced as early as possible after the close of the contest. Of this due notice will be given. Checks will be sent simultaneously with the announcements of the award.

The earlier you send your title the better. In previous contests many arrived too late.



WHERE THE BLOW FALLS HARDEST

The Way It Is Done

HHEAD OF THE BABY-CARRIAGE TRUST: You say there is a perfectly good reason for raising the price of baby-carriages four dollars.

TRUST STATISTICIAN: Yes. In looking over the income-tax data I find that there is a personal exemption of two hundred dollars for each child. Now two per cent. of that is four dollars. Hence a family saves four dollars on every new baby; and somebody ought to get this money. Why shouldn't we?

Recipe for a Hoover Sandwich

THE latest thing in light refreshments is the Hoover sandwich. It is made by placing a very thin slice of meatless Tuesday between a slender piece of wheatless Monday and a still more slender piece of wheatless Wednesday. Camouflage with a little wax-paper dressing and serve cold *à la* Garfield.

The idea is not entirely new, as sandwiches quite similar to the "Hoover" have been sold at the baseball parks for many years.

After the War

ALL of our wrongs shall be righted

After the war;
None of our tasks will be slighted
After the war;
Women will all be gay,
Children will sing and play,
All our investments will pay
After the war.

Nothing at sixes and sevens
After the war;
All of our hells will be heavens
After the war;
Weary will get a rest,
Misery will be blest,
Worst will become the best
After the war.

What if, readier-hearted
During the war,
Some of these good things were started
During the war?
Wouldn't we multiply
The chances that you and I
Might be happy by and by,
After the war?

A. R. W.

Kings

Revised

1. And in those days lived King Woodrow, who ruled over the land of the Pro-Germans, the Cohenites, the Clan-na-Gaelites and the Americanites, and his fame waxed mightily, so that it was known, yea, even unto the uttermost parts of the earth.

2. And King Woodrow again smote his typewriter and commanded to be set over the people a certain man named Baker, who was a pacifist. And it was done. And he commanded to be set over them one McAdoo, who was a Hudsonbute of the family of Dollarites. And it was so, but some said it was only so so.

3. And King Woodrow commanded further and said, Behold, I saw in a field a herd of professors grazing, and they were fair to look upon. And one of them shall I call Garfield, and him will I make ruler of furnaces. And it was done even as he commanded.

4. Then King Woodrow said to these men, Because I have made thee and because there is famine in the land, I therefore command thee to be

kind to the Southerner and see that he come not to any harm.

5. Let his fields wax white with cotton, and about the price thereof keep thou silent. And do thou lend him money a hundred millions against his need, and favor him in all the ways thou mindest of, and see that thou let him down easy.

6. And King Woodrow commanded again and said, Behold, soak the Northerner and bid him win the war. And tax him mightily, and let not up on him in any way whatsoever, and strip him of his clothing and household ornaments and of the Flame wherewith he hath hitherto endured against the cold. And it was done.

7. Then was King Woodrow exalted above all other kings, and the gospel that he preached was exalted above all others. And all the people bowed down, and the words that he spake were good, and his messages were mighty. And there was none might stand against him for words of fair intent.



FOR CHARITY

THIS METHOD WORKS QUICKER AND BETTER THAN THE OTHER, AND IS MUCH MORE HYGIENIC

The Pacifist

SEE you the pacifist.
Sense him; divine him.
Scholar and classicist
Scorn to define him.
Glossaries practical
Seem to disdain him.
Word books didactical
Fail to explain him.
But with sincerity
Here I portray him,
And in all verity
Measure and weigh him.
See you his griminess—
Miner and sapper.
Know you his sliminess—
Traitorous trapper.
Mark you the fangs on him.
Hark to his hissing.
Shame—how it hangs on him.
Honor is missing.
See you the pacifist
Shown in his proper stead,
Head of a class I list
"Poisonous copperhead."

Woodbridge Clapp.

Lawyers Work for the War

THE lawyers do not advertise much, but they are doing a lot of war work, especially for the draft boards.

The recent death of Mr. John M. Bowers, a consequence of overwork of that sort, is a timely though deplorable reminder that the work is being done and that the lawyers are doing it.

Lawyer work for the government is not profitable, except to the spirit. Abundant testimony to that effect can be obtained from the families of the war-working lawyers.

SUSPECTED TRAVELER:
I tell you I am an American.

FRENCH SERGEANT: Sing the words of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

"I can't."

"Pass, monsieur. You are an American."



H.I. Cummet '18

UNCLE SAM'S SERVICE FLAG



MARCH 28, 1918

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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No. 1848

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A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

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receiver War, forced through ruthless liquidation and reorganization, emerging as Military Socialism with all assets available as war capital for a defensive war of endless duration."

That is about it. We are fighting a receivership without responsibility to the old stockholders or much concern about them, and with all that is left of the property to the last dollar and the last wheel available for the war.

When you fight a solvent concern, being solvent yourself, the conditions of competition are approximately equal. It hurts both competitors to lose money. Neither likes to stop dividends or mortgage property. But when you fight a receiver it is worse, for what are losses to him? Is it his property? No! He is merely put in to handle it, and if a competitive fight comes along that appeals to the lawyer mind as warrantable, into it he goes, and losses are all in the day's work.

Germany is bankrupt in all ways—in money, in trade, in honor, in reputation—and her war-masters are her receivers. It is their fight that she is in; their fight for their job. They have no motive for letting up, and no German court is powerful enough to suspend them. While there is anything left of the property they will use it.

There seems to be a good deal left. Mr. Brown of the *World* says the Germans have four and a half million sol-

MR BROWN, *World* correspondent, speaks of "bankrupt, peacetime Germany gone into the hands of the re-

ceivers of various grades of efficiency, and can add three-quarters of a million young troops every year. And they find food and clothes and weapons and munitions for them, and in food, at least, they seem likely to do better (out of Russia) from now on. But the manpower behind the army is very low. Women do more and more of the industrial and agricultural work, and war-prisoners do much. Industrially the property is sadly run down, and even agriculture is not going strong. But there is some loot coming in, and hopes of more; and of course, loot of one kind or another is what Germany is out for, and has been from the start, and to get it or to seem to see it coming means more to her than it would to normal, civilized countries. Loot is just as good as earnings to Germans: probably better. So far in this war they have had to earn what loot they have got.



IT must be evident to everyone that our job is now to fight this German war-receivership until, by total exhaustion of the resources of the property, or of man-power, it goes into collapse. It has seemed at times as if we might escape this large and painful duty; as if the Allies might get the job done before we got deep into it; as if the German stockholders would oust the receivers and make an acceptable peace. But these hopes are not panning out. The Allies are strong on the Western

front, and the war may be ended there, and ended soon. The fact that we are moving, and getting troops over, furnishes an incentive to the Germans to attack. The fact that they have gobbled up Eastern Europe, and may get food out of it in course of time, makes for contentment with defensive fighting. The only thing we can count at all on is to match strength against strength, to put the resources of this country in with the remaining resources of France, Italy and Great Britain against all the remaining assets of the German receivership.

The war is getting awfully practical. Everything about it that appeals to the imagination is obscured. The regeneration of the world, the vindication of the prophets, the persuasion of the nations to amicable behavior and considerate dealings, the restoration of Palestine to the chosen people, of Ireland to the Irish, of Belgium to the Belgians, and other properties to their rightful owners—all these hopes have to sit down and wait upon the drubbing of the Germans. Only one considerable detail of restoration is progressing visibly, and that is the restoration of the United States to the Americans. What calls now is the practical duty of getting ships to carry soldiers and food, and of training soldiers and raising food to send; and of building airplanes and training men to sail them, and of everlastingly fighting submarines and devising means to put them out of business. Also the duty of raising money, money, money, and pouring it in.

It is a hard job to fight a robber receivership, but hard jobs often do people good, and this one will do us good if only we tackle it hard enough.



IT looks for the moment as though a long and arduous line of negotiations, that at times looked promising, had gone for nothing. There is no sign of Germans rising up to embrace the kindly proposals of Mr. Wilson, no sign of Austria cutting loose from an unprofitable association to seek peace by a short cut. The dove of peace has



PARTNERS

spilled all the diplomatic salt off of her tail, and is working her wings, a remote speck off in the upper blue. It is too bad. Once more nothing counts but hard knocks, ships, food, munitions, available troops and generalship. The record is accessible, and all Mr. Wilson's skilful proposals, each one "worth an army corps," are in it, but we do not search it just now; we are watching for news from the front. It is conceivable that negotiations and declarations may sometimes have taken up Presidential energies that might more profitably have been expended in ad-

ministrative activities, but they were well done, were well received, and doubtless had their effect, and they never caused any known slackening of military preparation or naval participation. Presently we may be going back to the record to look them up, but now everybody's duty, everybody's job, is to buck up and win the war; to push behind on the war machine if one cannot drive it; to economize on fruitless fault-finding; to back every good man in every good work, and lift on the load. There is no use of grumbling even at Mr. Wilson. What we are to

do must be done under his leadership. His skilful words have not finished the war. If ships fail us and we cannot get into the war in force, that defect will be partly chargeable to him, and his voice will be by so much the less potent in the final settlement. If he is to count for much as our spokesman, he must use the most powerful instruments he can lay hands on, and all the power Congress will give him. His influence in Europe will depend on what the United States is able to accomplish with him as virtual dictator of her concerns.



THE matter of army doctors' rank will have to be settled (or should be) by some dispassionate authority that knows the facts as they exist at present, and understands how to provide that the authority of medical generals and military generals shall not clash. The duties of the medical department of the army are immensely important; its responsibilities heavy. Into the war have gone scores of the leading medical and surgical men of the country, who have abandoned their practices, hospitals and incomes to help win the war. Moreover, they have not gone to learn a new profession, but to practice one that is their life's business, and in which some of them have no superiors. Nothing is too good, no rank too high for some of the top doctors, but, after all, they and all their outfit are only an adjunct to the main business they are concerned with, which is military operations. They are a subordinate department of the army, but they should not be too subordinate. They should have rank enough and authority enough to do their work to advantage. They should not have authority to prevent men from being lawfully mangled in fighting, but they should have enough to prevent their dying needlessly in camps or after battles. Give them too much say, and our armies will have to leave off fighting Germans to fight the doctors. Give them too little, and you leave them to be bossed by their inferiors in knowledge, character and ability.

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On the M



On the March



And the Children's Teeth Are Set on Edge



"MRS. WARREN'S PROFESSION" has become quite a nice, respectable play, and this without changing a word of its text or altering in any essential particular its original method of presentation. In reviewing the first performance of the play in New York, LIFE took something this view of Mr. Shaw's essay, but the element in the community which is always trying to save other persons' souls by the aid of the law had enough influence with the ignorant authorities to turn the police loose on the actors and have the play suppressed. The

ensuing farce in the courts only served to make the persecuting and prosecuting individuals ridiculous, with the result that no one since has had the asininity to interfere with its performance. Seeing the play in its recent creditable revival by the Washington Square Players, with Mary Shaw, one of the original offenders, still giving her admirable impersonation of the title character and Diantha Pattison a very excellent *Vivian*, one wonders what particular jack-in-office could have been stupid enough ever to set the legal machinery in action.



IF this silly suppression of the Shaw play had never occurred, it is quite possible we might never have had "The Squab Farm" on the New York stage. The condemnation visited on the authorities and those who inspired it, for that abuse of power, has made it difficult ever since then to move anyone to action against stage indecencies of any kind. The police were made so ridiculous in the case of "Mrs. Warren's Profession" that they have been slow to act of their own initiative. Literary and dramatic censorship is not one of the required subjects in the police examinations, and once bit by lay advice, they have been shy of lay advisers where the indecency did not take the form of physical exposure. Even in this particular they cannot be said to have been overly severe, but, now that we have a brave and wise mayor to safeguard the unprotected morals of the Metropolitan rich, the police may take the cue and get active in behalf of the rest of the community.

Without the deterioration in standards which has come to our stage and public in the few years since the "Mrs. Warren" fiasco, it would be difficult to conceive of the presentation of "The Squab Farm" at a reputedly patronized theatre as an ordinary matter-of-fact theatrical occurrence. Coming simultaneously with a revival of the earlier play, it emphasized how the times have changed, and we with them.

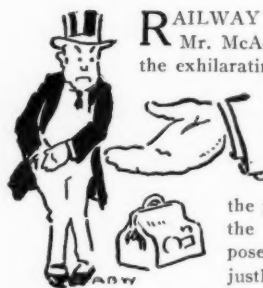


THERE has been a growing consciousness that in many of the Hatton plays there was a slimy undercurrent which was disguised or hidden by their brightness of speech, clever-



Minion of the Law: HERE! THIS IS WHEATLESS DAY AND A PROHIBITION NEIGHBORHOOD

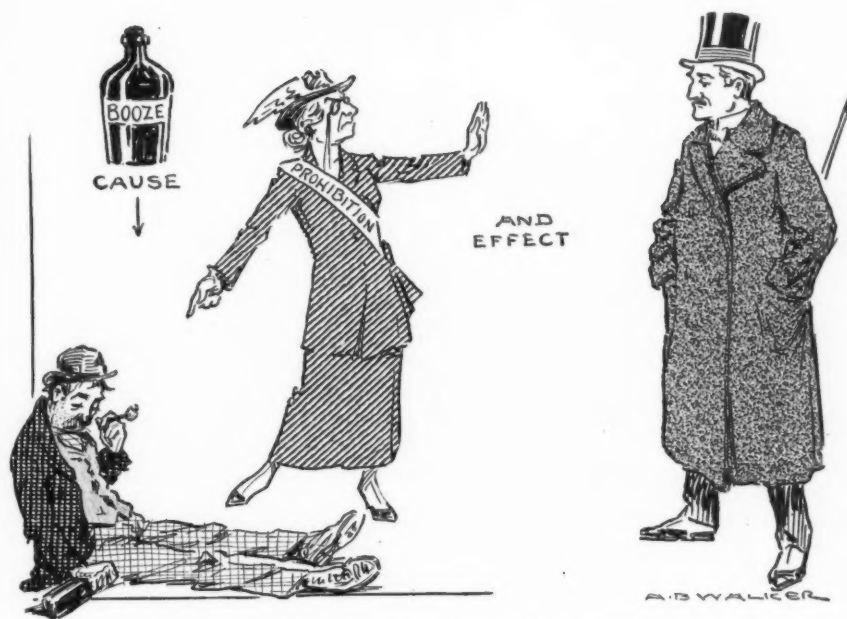
ness of situation and their counterfeit smart-set atmosphere. Audiences have come away from these plays with an undefinable feeling that although they had been greatly diverted, there was something that was not entirely nice. In "The Squab Farm" the undercurrent comes to the surface and the feeling is made definite. There is no glamour of a false society atmosphere in the play. The scene is laid in the moving-picture world of Southern California, where slangy and flashy talk is not incidental and vicious relations between the characters are taken as a matter of course. In fact this open display of vice may be less harmful to those who witness it than the more insidious suggestions of other plays from the same hands. The Hatton trade-mark had come to have a certain fashionable vogue. It looks as though "The Squab Farm" might diminish its value.



RAILWAY travel, even before the protean Mr. McAdoo took charge of it, rarely had the exhilarating accompaniments accorded to it in "Toot-Toot!" turned into an equally successful musical play from Capt. Rupert Hughes's successful comedy, "Excuse Me."

Many cooks were engaged in the process, but they have not spoiled the broth. Among so many composers, librettists, etc., it is impossible justly to distribute the credit. With the exception of a little drop in the

last scene, the piece skips along merrily with tuneful music, good singing and dancing, attractive costumes and any amount



"SO THAT'S WHY I MAY NOT HAVE A GLASS OF CLARET AT DINNER"

of fun—clean fun, with the exception of two or three lines which might easily be elided.

A drummer's life would lose half its terrors if all the traveling could be done on the "Toot-Toot!" express.



SINCE governments have gone into the show business, as evidenced by official encouragement of stage entertainments at the front and in camps, it is not strange that governmental recognition should be given to the value of the theatre as an inspirer of patriotic fervor, and consequently of recruiting. An official character attaches to the performance of "Getting Together," which is touring the country after a week in New York.

The presentation is not exactly a play, although it has a semblance of a plot and enlists the services of such artists as Blanche Bates, Holbrook Blinn and Percival Knight. Underneath their histrionism, or above it, is visible a patriotic urge which gives added interest to their work. Associated with them are other professionals and real soldiers who have seen service at the front. What was lacking in the technical smoothness of the first performance was made up in the enthusiasm of actors and audience. There were some really affecting moments, and in some of the scenes there was a strong touch of the realism of war.

Every slacker and pacifist should be compelled to sit through "Getting Together."

Metcalfe.



CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Astor.—Last fortnight of "Why Marry?" by Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams. The utility of matrimony cleverly discussed in a well played comedy.

Belasco.—"Polly With a Past." Ina Claire the attractive head of a good company in a well staged comedy of the day.

Bijou.—"The Squah Farm," by the Hattons. See above.

Booth.—"Seventeen," by Mr. Booth Tarkington. The romance of the boy in love made amusing in good stage portrayal.

Broadhurst.—"Follow the Girl." Girl-and-music show of the average type.

Casino.—"Oh, Boy!" Last week of the long run of this jolly little girl-and-music show from the Princess.

Century.—"Chu Chin Chow." Picturesque and gorgeously staged Oriental spectacle with unusual musical accompaniment.

Cohan.—"Toot-Toot!" See above.

Cohan and Harris.—"A Tailor-Made Man." Diverting and well acted comedy dealing with the value of good clothes as a business asset.

Comedy.—The Washington Square Players in Oscar Wilde's "Salome." Notice later.

Cort.—"Flo Flo." Girl-and-music show with more girl and music than costume.

Criterion.—Laurette Taylor in "Happiness," by Mr. Hartley Manners. Delightful character sketch of life in the lower circles of Brooklyn.

Eltinge.—"Business Before Pleasure." Messrs. Glass and Goodman amusingly put Messrs. Potash and Perlmutter through a course of stunts in the moving-picture business.

Empire.—Ethel Barrymore in "The Off Chance," by Mr. R. C. Carton. Comedy of fast society life in London, admirably acted.

Forty-fourth Street.—"Maytime." Charming musical play, unusually well presented.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Love Mill." Girl-and-music play of even less than the usual charm.

Globe.—"Jack o' Lantern," with Mr. Fred Stone. The star's industrious fun-making with a brilliant girl-and-music background.

Greenwich Village.—"Pan and the Young Shepherd." Notice later.

Harris.—"Success," by Leitzbach and Liebler. Mr. Brandon Tynan effectively cast in an interesting drama of the theatre.

Hippodrome.—"Cheer Up." The big show-house with its stage filled with ballet, spectacle and vaudeville.

Hudson.—"The Master," with Mr. Arnold Daly. Sex drama, not pleasant in theme, but fairly well acted.

Liberty.—"Going Up." Aviation farce in bright musical version with a lot of fun and melody.

Longacre.—"Yes or No." Double-barreled drama effectively telling two stories at once.

Lyceum.—"Tiger Rose." Melodrama of the Canadian Northwest, well played and picturesquely staged.

Madison Square Garden.—The Barnum and Bailey Circus. Notice later.

Manhattan Opera House.—Closed.

Maxine Elliott's.—"The Eyes of Youth." Occult drama picturing in novel fashion the possibilities of a woman's life.

Morosco.—"Lombardi, Ltd.," by the Hattons. The romantic and sentimental phases of a man dressmaker's life in New York shown in flashy comedy.

Park.—"Seven Days' Leave," by Mr. Walter Howard. Melodrama of the present war with thrilling stage pictures.

Playhouse.—"The Little Teacher," by Mr. Harry James Smith. Mary Ryan the heroine of an interesting and moving rural drama.

Plymouth.—Nazimova in Ibsen's "The Wild Duck." An Ibsen tract admirably acted in a new key.

Princess.—"Oh, Lady! Lady!" by Messrs. Bolton, Wodehouse and Kern. Good little girl-and-music antidote for the blues.

Republic.—"Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," by Messrs. Bell and Swan. Funny farce, not refined but laughable throughout.

Shubert.—"The Copperhead," by Mr. Augustus Thomas. Mr. Lionel Barrymore's acting in a play of Civil War times the best seen in New York for many a day.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"A Cure for Curables," by Messrs. Biggers and Whitman. Amusing satire of the American fondness for letting doctors separate folks from their money.

Vanderbilt.—"Oh, Look!" Extremely light girl-and-music show.

Vieux Colombier.—French stock company.

Winter Garden.—"Sinbad." Spectacular girl-and-music show calculated to amuse the t. b. m. without interfering with his morals.

Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic.—A counter-irritant for sleep in the form of cabaret, eating, drinking and dancing.



HOW THE YOUNG HUSBAND FELT WHEN HE ATE THOSE DOMESTIC-SCIENCE DUMPLINGS

Good Lies and Bad

WHY not have an anthology of Good Lies? We have anthologies of almost everything else under the sun, and all diplomats agree that there is nothing so important to the world's health as a Good Lie. Bad Lies are an abomination. They do not get one into the best society. They are not practical. They neither pay the rent nor in-



SPRING RHAPSODY

Liberty Bond Lore

BE among the first by whom the new Liberty Bonds are bought.

Take care of the Liberty Bonds, and Liberty will take care of herself.

Buy Liberty Bonds, and the world buys with you; hold back, and you hold back alone.

The Liberty Bond is as mighty as the sword.

A Liberty Bond and its value are never parted.

Buy Liberty Bonds in haste, and rejoice at leisure.

Never flaunt your American flag before you have bought your Liberty Bonds.

All the world loves a Liberty Bondholder.

Never put off till to-morrow the Liberty Bonds you should be buying to-day.

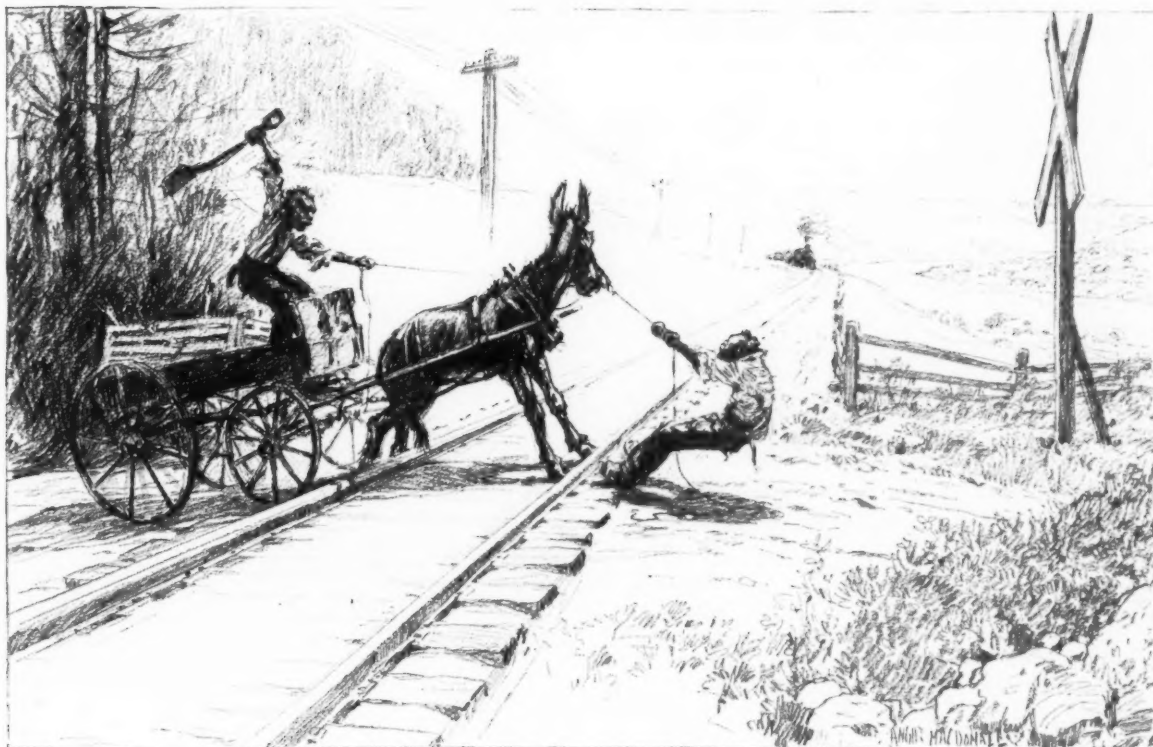
Be it ever so gilt-edged, there's no investment like the Liberty Bond.

'Tis better to have bought the smallest Liberty Bond than never to have bought at all.



"PLEASE, SIR, WE WISH TO BUY ONE OF YOUR BEST EASTER EGGS ON MARGIN."

crease the salary check. But a Good Lie does all these things, and more. Occasionally it has got mediocre men into heaven.



STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN

A Tough Customer

THE toughest customer ever discovered by the New York Department of Health was Mike, a ringtail monkey, who thrived on disease germs and waxed blithe and chipper on deadly inoculations that were sufficiently potent to kill a whole racing-stable full of horses. At one time and another, Mike received eighteen inoculations, the germs running all the way from measles to anthrax. He was a great disappointment, however. After each inoculation the doctors would gather around and wait for him to keel over; but, instead of that, his eyes would glisten, his whiskers would curl, and he would radiate health and energy. Bored by Mike's persistent and offensive robustness, the doctors decided to get rid of him. They accordingly gave him an especially deadly inoculation—whereupon Mike gained two pounds and cried for heartier meals. Then a kind-hearted animal-lover heard about Mike, begged him from the Department of Health, and gave him a good home where the only germs are those which float in through the windows. The significant part of the whole affair is that the doctors made no effort to find out what made Mike so healthy. That, though it had no effect on Mike, is what makes the rest of us ill.

Kenneth L. Roberts.

Nay! Nay!

"DON'T you think that these men who go out on strike should be drafted?"

"What! And have them all vote against me at the next election?"



"YOUNG MAN, HOW DID YOU DO THAT WITH ONE TOOTH?"

Better Weather for the Babies



JACQUELINE BRUNEAU,
BABY 1854

SPRING is coming, and with its advent will disappear one cause of suffering for the orphaned little ones of France. But the households have to be kept together and the babies have to be clothed and fed in summer as well as in winter. To be sure, they may go barefoot, saving the heavy cost of shoes, but the inside of their little tum-tums can't go barefoot at any time of the year. Even the simplest food is dear, and with all the splendid economy of the French housewife, ten cents a day doesn't provide a very gorgeous diet even for a child. However, it helps, and the main thing is that in many cases the allowance provided by LIFE's readers makes just the difference that permits the child to remain with its mother instead of being sent to a public institution.

LIFE will shortly begin sending out to the earlier contributors to the Babies' Fund notices giving them the privilege of assuming for two years more the maintenance they have provided for the first two years. As the children are still very young the aid is still needed.

A contribution of seventy-three dollars provides that for two years a destitute French child, orphaned by the war, will be kept with its mother or relatives instead of being sent to a public institution, where its chances of survival are less than in a family environment. During this critical period in the child's life its welfare is looked after and the funds disbursed by the *Fraternité Franco-Américaine*, an organization officered by eminent French men and women. The *Fraternité* has committees in every part of France, who keep in touch with the children and supervise details of management.

Contributions of less than seventy-three dollars are combined until they amount to the larger sum. To those who are unable to contribute the whole seventy-three dollars at one time a child will be assigned under a pledge to complete this amount.

We have received, in all, \$183,519.13, from which we have remitted to Paris 1,031,689.05 francs.

We gratefully acknowledge from

Mrs. C. F. Jenkins, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa., for Baby No. 2440	\$73
Miss M. E. Williams, Glastonbury, Conn., for Baby No. 2441	73
Wm. H. Seely, Newark, N. J., for Baby No. 2442	73
Mary E. Mitchell, Fort Wayne, Ind., for Baby No. 2443	73
Mrs. Wm. D. Wheelwright, Portland, Ore., for Baby No. 2446	73
Benjamin Baruch, New York City, for Baby No. 2447	73
Mrs. Roger A. Houston, South Charleston, Ohio, for Baby No. 2448	73
Miss Bettina True Savage and Henry W. Savage, New York City, for Babies Nos. 2450 and 2451	146
American Fire Fighters' Fund, collected through the <i>Fireman's Herald</i> , New York City, for Baby No. 2452	73
"Anonymous," Washington, D. C., for Babies Nos. 2453 and 2454	146
Priscilla Mason, Whittinsville, Mass., for Baby No. 2455	73
Annie Bacon, Bolton, Mass., renewal of subscription for Baby No. 34	73
Mrs. A. C. Dieffenbach, Cambridge, Mass., for Baby No. 2455	73
L. G. Moultrie, Valley City, N. D., on account of Baby No. 1812	3
Lizette Ward, Grenada, Miss., on account of Baby No. 1871	3
Louise Ruffin, Grenada, Miss., on account of Baby No. 1914	3
Miss Lucie Weilenman, Shaw, Miss., on account of Baby No. 2444	6
Business Men's Bible Class of Grenada, Miss., on account of Baby No. 2445	3
Nina C. Keir, Waterbury, Conn., on account of Baby No. 2449	36.50
"In memory of Hazel Jane Rupert, Pelham, N. Y." on account of Baby No. 2093	10
A. F. Cayford, Pittsburgh, Pa., on account of Baby No. 2413	30
Herbert K. Salmon, Netcong, N. J., on account of Baby No. 1444	3
Mrs. J. N. Carnes, Charleston, W. Va., on account of Baby No. 2456	18.25
Miss Annie Campbell and N. E. Wingate, Greenville, Miss., on account of Baby No. 2041	12.50

BABY NUMBER 2424

Already acknowledged	\$39.58
"Portsmouth"	2
Miss Mary R. Crosby, Waltham, Mass.	5
Mary H. Killbartrick, Lowell, Mass.	5
Elizabeth H. Brown, Boston, Mass.	10
Mrs. John Briggs, Newton Centre, Mass.	6
"T. C. P.," Goshen, Ind.	3.25
	\$70.83



MICHEL MANDET, BABY 2263



JOFFRETTE PEYNON, BABY 1991



JEANNE RUELE BABY 2299



MARCELLE ELOY, BABY 2201



"SEEMS TO ME YOU NEED ASSISTANCE, WOODROW."
 "OH, NO; I SHALL CATCH UP! I'M ONLY TWO YEARS BEHIND."



LIFE



THE OPENING GAME

They Ought to Know Better

Dear LIFE:

Don't you think your artists should take knitting lessons? In issue of January 24th there are five knitters, one on page 135 and four on page 149, who have begun their socks at the toe, and are blithely finishing off the tops!

Yours,

H. C.

Boston, Mass., Jan. 24, 1918.

Thrift and Art

How Musical Genius Is Turned by the Knowing Ones into an Honest Penny

Dear LIFE:

To give further and convincing testimony that we of the Western Hemisphere are the only truly civilized and just people on earth I relate as follows:

I was having my shoes shined in a shop run by an Italian. He was mending a pair of high-heeled while his hired man fixed me. I had the honor of a speaking acquaintance with the boss, so I began talking with him. The question was as to Galli-Curci—had he heard her?—would he hear her? Yes, he said, he had heard her at the Hippodrome, where he paid two dollars for a seventy-five-cent seat. It was not right, he allowed, for the speculators to take so much of his money for nothing. Had I heard her? No; I would not pay the speculators anything. So? One must hear a great artist at any cost. For himself, he would get in line at four o'clock the next afternoon and stand there till eight, paying one dollar sixty-five for standing room. He was surely a true lover of music.

The next time I had my shoes shined I put the question, "Did you go?" and got the answer, "Yes," but he did not stand in line four hours as expected. At this I marveled, as the hungry had been strung around two blocks. He smilingly said that he bought two standing-room tickets of a speculator. How much? Five dollars each. He took his brother, who

has a shop a block below, to hear the opera and the great singer. Still, it was not right that the law allowed the speculators to take so much money for nothing. Did I go? No, I could not bring myself to pay tribute to the sharks. Ah, well, if one waited for justice in this country one would never get anything. So he shrugged his shoulders, drove another nail into one of somebody's high heels and smilingly consoled himself with the observation that he was not a smoker or a drinker.

As for myself, I am comforted by the thought that Galli-Curci is young, and that even she may improve. The grouch who writes for the *Evening Post* says that the sedate "Ah, fors e lui" and the brilliant "Sempre libre" in "Traviata" were faultily sung. When I hear them they may be faultless. The laws of this state may be changed also, so as to prevent the spoliation of persons of this community to whom music is more than meat, to the extent of a hundred thousand dollars in one month by a lot of highwaymen, while the Chicago Opera Company goes back home with a loss—but not such a large deficiency as was expected.

Meantime, let everybody study up the "Boil" sheviki, the I. W. W. and the rest, and figure out how long it will be before something will happen right here in New York.

Yours ever for fair play,

WILLIS BRUCE DOWD.

New York, Feb. 17, 1918.

Eternal Vigilance

Dear LIFE:

In your February 14, 1918, issue I see that you are again at the good work of defending our dumb friends, and I in turn once more thank you and say, God bless you! What is the Red Cross coming to? Have they entirely gone mad? We are glad that millions are in the hands of animal lovers as well as haters,

and that Mr. Robert Hawley Ingersoll and his wife are making a good fight. Is there anything I can do in my small way to help? Those that are against this blasting and benumbing thought—vivisection—are vigorous about it, and those who are for it are heart-rendingly for it with headstrong selfishness and ignorance. I think the majority of people in this country are against it, but why do they stand passive and let these insidious serpents worm their way to Congress and mingle among public institutions with this vile heresy? If they are up and doing, we should be equally strenuous and alert, not spasmodically, but continually, and I have no doubt that these evil doers have been taking advantage of the war to further their plans while the country is occupied with fighting turmoil.

If the American public would stop for one minute and think that fear of disease has caused more deaths than disease itself, and that, as you have often said, the reaction of animals has nothing whatever to do with the human system,—if we could have a few good lecturers and forceful personalities tour the country and show these stubborn people their misguided belief is what disturbs them, I think that we could do a great work. We have Christian Science lecturers telling the people how to think and live right, why not have representatives of our dumb friends? Could you not suggest this to Mr. Ingersoll? As people flock to C. S. lectures out of curiosity, so they will to these most needed words of enlightenment. We have never really had a wholesale endeavor to set the people right on this subject, and now, if ever, is the time, and unless the public is helped to think, they let the other man think and act for them. We absolutely must do something now. Don't let us drift along as we have been doing. The time has now come when the doctors are hunting for new serums, etc.—putting forth their never-ending propaganda, for us to fight as we

(Continued on page 534)

A Champion of Side Shows

MR. BRYAN is an excellent talker, and has a temper soft inside, like a piece of pie.

When harsh men of war hooted him for a pacifist in Toronto, he said:

My patriotism is satisfactory to the people of the United States; it is satisfactory to the Cabinet of the United States; it is satisfactory to the Congress of the United States, and there is no single one living under our flag who dares to say there is one drop of blood in my veins that is not loyal to my country. I don't need the endorsement of anybody anywhere else.

That was well put.

As a matter of fact, though there were some shouts of "pro-German," it wasn't William's patriotism that was under fire at Toronto. It was his pacifism.

He is a sure patriot, and his patriotism is sufficiently satisfactory to the people of the United States to secure to him freedom of movement, investment and speech. It is satisfactory to the Cabinet that he resigned from because he didn't want to fight, and presumably it is satisfactory to Congress. But here's Mr. Bryan, one of the most influential and oratorical men in the country, and here's the country up to its neck in a righteous and creditable war, and the thing that Mr. Bryan finds



"GRACIOUS! I HOPE MR. HOOVER IS RIGHT WHEN HE SAYS THAT FAT IS GOING TO BE SCARCE"



Missionary: HAVE I YOUR PERMISSION TO LAND?

"WAIT TILL TO-MORROW. TO-DAY IS MEATLESS DAY."

worthy of his vocal energies is not the war at all, but prohibition.

He simply uses the war for the better exploitation of the thing that is nearest his political heart.

Once, in discussing college athletics and scholarship and the business of being a college president, Mr. Wilson spoke to the effect that he did not aspire to be president of a college

where the side shows were a bigger interest than what went on in the main tent.

That is not at all the attitude of Mr. Bryan. He is loyal. There is no smutch on him of the sort that disfigures La Follette. He has sustained the administration since it got into the war and helped to get the necessary

(Continued on page 531)



A PESSIMIST'S IDEA OF HOW OUR BOYS ARE FIGHTING IN
FRANCE



"Mary had a little lamb"

Heroes

OH, the Col. or the Maj. or the Lieut.
Or the Gen. or the Adj. or the Cap.
May be proud of the spur on his boot,
Of his badge and his braid and his strap,
Of his coat that is neat and is right,
Of his look that is brisk and alive;
But the men who will count in a fight
Are the Serj. and the Corp. and the Priv.

Oh, the Cap. and the Adj. and the Gen.!
Oh, the Lieut. and the Col. and the Maj.!
They will live through the might of the pen,
They will shine in the lore of the age,
In the tale of the war that is won,
In the song of the trench and the charge;
But the men who will do what is done
Are the Priv. and the Corp. and the Serj.

Arthur Guiterman.

If They Told the Truth

"THAT book you recommended? Positively the worst one I ever read."

"What you tell me, madam, about your cutting your own bread for the family, having meat only once a week and using no sugar, is one of the most convincing conservation lies I have ever heard."

"No, thanks! You forget that I have heard your daughter sing before."

"Have I had enough to eat? Well, I believe sincerely in saving on food, but if I had to serve a dinner like this, I'd wear a mask and go live in a sanitarium."

"I had no idea that your wife was as bad as you say, but of course I agree with you."

"There's one thing about your wedding present I like very much. I can readily exchange it."

"By Jove, Auntie! I am sorry to see you looking so well."

"No, darling, not forever. But I think I can safely say that I shall continue to love you for one year and four months after we are married."

"Don't go away. If you weren't boring me you'd be boring someone else."

Blessings War Has Brought

IT has made Bryan impossible.

Shown up Hearst in his true light.

Put Wall Street where it belongs.

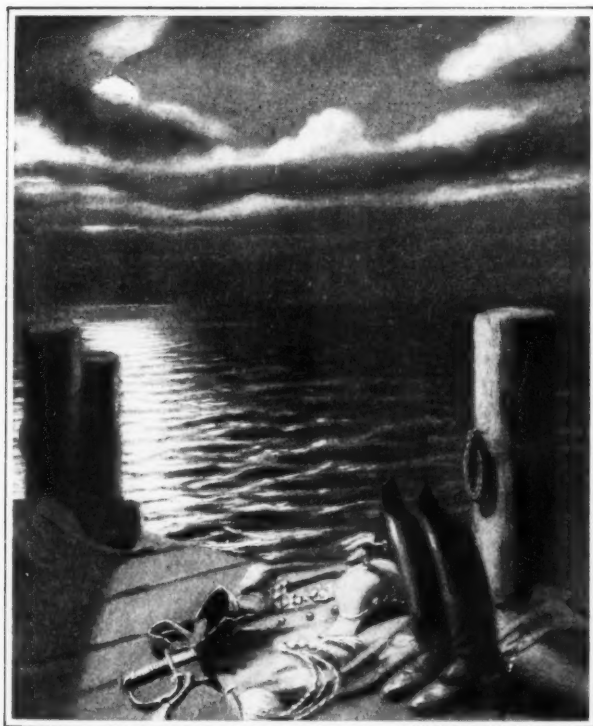
Lowered woman's skirts and shoe tops from one to two inches.

Curtailed joy-riding.

WE believe in both vivisection and prohibition—the prohibition of vivisectionists and the vivisection of prohibitionists.



VON HINDENBURG'S GREAT SPRING DRIVE



SAFER FOR DEMOCRACY

Barring Out the Unitarians

THAT Unitarians are barred out of its service and war work by the Y. M. C. A. opens up a large field of speculation. Perhaps the Y. M. C. A. had so much material that it had to draw the line somewhere, and concluded that it would better be drawn at Unitarians. Maybe the fact that a man is a Unitarian renders him unfit for war work. If this is true, then Mr. Taft should be interned at once. Indeed, interning all the Unitarians for the period of the war seems to be the logical sequence of the Y. M. C. A. ruling, for if it is not possible to make a Unitarian useful, then certainly he should be duly segregated.

The Unitarian hitherto has been supposed to be more or less harmless. He does not wear white nightgowns in public when conducting services, or lead impassioned revival meetings with a tin horn, where the business of saving souls is reduced to a commercial proposition. He does not write ponderous tomes on ethics, or indulge in hair-splitting discussions on the higher criticism. His main concern is to build up character by an orderly process of self-development, or to teach the fundamental principles of life without self-advertisement, ridiculous ritual or rodomontade.

Perhaps all this is what is the matter with him. Maybe the Y. M. C. A. is holding him up as a conspicuous exception to the rule once laid down by an able poet, when he declared that

"A man's a man for a' that."

IS the Constitution to be gassed to death by amendments?

Marching to Berlin

WE come from God's own country in the ships of Uncle Sam;

We're going to get the william-goat of Kaiser Will—i—am;
We know it is *verboten*, but we do not give a damn,

As we go marching to Berlin!

(Drums) Berlin! Berlin!

Berlin! Berlin! Berlin!

As we go marching to Berlin!

Refrain

Hurray! Hurray! We'll wave the Stripes and Stars!

Away, away with Emperors and Czars!

And when we get the Kaiser we'll put him behind the bars,

As we go marching to Berlin!

(Drums) Berlin! Berlin! etc.

We're from the dear old U. S. A., the Land of Liberty;
We've crossed a hundred rivers and three thousand miles
of sea

To teach the Huns a thing or two about Democracy,

As we go marching to Berlin!

(Drums) Berlin! Berlin! etc.

Refrain

Hurray! Hurray! We'll show the Prussian swine

That Freedom is the only Right Divine,

And when we catch old Kaiser Bill we'll pitch him in the
Rhine,

As we go marching to Berlin!

(Drums) Berlin! Berlin! etc.

We've left our happy homes that we may help to win the
war.

We're a million strong already, and there'll soon be mil-
lions more;

And when the job is done with Kaiser Bill we'll mop the
floor,

As we go marching to Berlin!

(Drums) Berlin! Berlin! etc.

Refrain

Hurray! Hurray! We're going to make it hot

For all the bloody Hohenzollern lot,

And when we get the Kaiser we'll present him to his Gott,

As we go marching to Berlin!

(Drums) Berlin! Berlin!

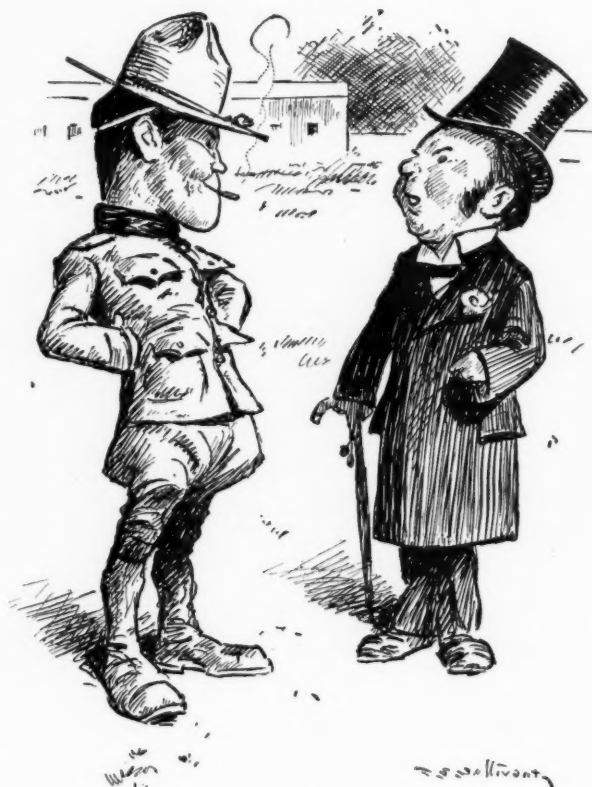
Berlin! Berlin! Berlin!

As we go marching to Berlin!

Oliver Herford.

"WELL, Bobbie, what was the play about?"

"I don't know, sir. I was so much interested in
what the people were doing I can't remember about the
play."



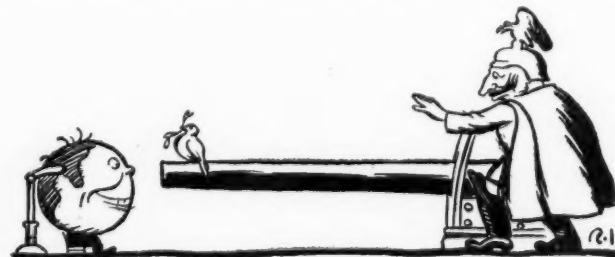
The Civilian: DON'T YOU THINK IT WOULD BE PRACTICALLY IMPOSSIBLE FOR GERMANY TO SEND AIR-RAIDERS TO THIS COUNTRY?

"YOU NEVER CAN TELL, MISTER. IF YOU TAKE MY ADVICE YOU WON'T WEAR YOUR BEST HAT."

High Visibility of Jews

MANKIND, or at least the supervisory part of it, may be divided always, but especially just now, into those who are trying to govern and those who are trying to beat them to it.

There are lots of Jews in both classes, Jews being supervisory in disproportion to their other gifts.



"SEE THE BIRDIE!"



United States Tires
are Good Tires

Make the Most of Your Car

It is precisely in these days of urgent duties that your car—passenger or commercial—is most valuable to you.

Straight thinking Americans are using their cars to the limit. But they are putting their motoring on a business footing.

Exercise thrift!

Save gasoline. Keep your cylinders clean. Don't let your motor run while your car is standing. Look to your carburetor adjustment.

Save oil. Use enough—but not too much. Guard zealously against waste.

Save tires. Get more miles for your money—the extra miles that hundreds of thousands of thrifty motorists are finding in United States Tires.

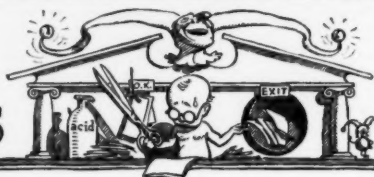
You have your choice of five treads, one for every motoring need.

—and all of the unusually high quality that has sent the sale of United States Tires bounding ahead in tremendous strides.

*Also Tires for Motor Trucks, Motorcycles,
Bicycles and Aëroplanes*

*United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have All the Sterling Worth and
Wear that Make United States Tires Supreme*



AUT
SCISSORSAUT
NULLUS

Why, Indeed?

The Sunday-school teacher was explaining to the children how Sunday came to be instituted.

"The Lord worked for six days," she said, "and rested on the seventh day. Therefore the Lord blessed the seventh day and hallowed it. Now has any child any question to ask?"

Willie put up his hand.

"Willie wishes to ask a question. What is it, Willie?"

"Why did th' Lord pick such a dead day as Sunday for a holiday?" asked Willie.

The teacher couldn't explain.

—*The Argonaut.*

In these times many a fashionable young man is finding it hard to make both week-ends meet.—*Independent.*



"MILITARY NECESSITY"

Almost a Bird

Bozeman Bulger made a trip back to his childhood's happy home in Dadeville, Alabama, and when he returned to New York he brought this one with him:

A negro was on the stand in an Alabama courthouse testifying to the details of a shooting scrape. The witness told how the prisoner at the bar drew a revolver and began firing at one Jim Henry, and how Jim Henry ran to save himself.

"You say Henry ran?" interjected the lawyer for the defense.

"Dat's whut I said."

"You are sure he ran?"

"Sho' is!"

"Well, did he run fast?"

"Did he run fa— Say, boss, ef dat nigger had 'a' had one feather in his hand he'd 'a' flew."

—*Saturday Evening Post.*

"My friend, there is really no excuse for your not looking neat and clean."

"Sorry, mister," explained Plodding Peter, "but I'm conserving my bit along wit de rest o' de folks. You jes' happened to hit me on my soapless day."

—*Washington Star.*

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Notice of change of address should reach this office ten days prior to the date of issue to be affected.

The Diary of a Nation

War Editorials from LIFE By EDWARD S. MARTIN

What the Reviewers say about it:

From the San Francisco *Argonaut*:

LIFE on the great war is vigorous and refreshing, and the series of selections from the comments of Mr. E. S. Martin make a keen and incisive record of the formation of American opinion from the days when we were officially instructed to be neutral in thought and action down to the hour of the great decision. These comments are well worth preserving and re-reading.

From the Fresno (Calif.) *Republican*:

A new book, "The Diary of a Nation," telling about "The War, and how we got into it," will be studied by historians for years to come. It is by Edward S. Martin of LIFE. No one else manages to say more of the things that are in all of our minds than does Mr. Martin.

Yes, the historians will read and re-read this book. The wonderful thing about it is, we think, that the author is the same man who years ago amused us by such verses as "A Little Brother of the Rich" and "Pirated Poems." But now, rising to meet the storm issues of the hour, he has achieved mastery of that tremendous driving force—the short editorial. The proof is in this book.

From the St. Joseph (Mo.) *News-Press*:

It is worth while to comment in passing on the cheerful effect of "The Diary of a Nation." We have read a great many painful books about the war, books that are stamped with the sad, inspiring but at the same time fearful experiences of the writer. It is well for those of us who are remote from the inferno to suffer vicariously in this struggle which concerns the wide world. But after we have been bruised and bled in spirit it is invigorating to read something bright once more.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York, \$1.50.

For Sale By All Booksellers

A GOOD DAY'S WORK

THEN

A GOOD SHOW

FOLLOWED BY

A GOOD SUPPER

AND A BOTTLE OF

OLYSMIC

OF COURSE

KING OF TABLE WATERS

Too Hard to Get— Women Won't Waste Them

Votes, we mean. Men often do waste theirs—they came so easily. Where is there unbiased and authoritative information that will assist women in the fulfilment of their new duties as voters? It is in a book called **"THE WOMAN VOTER'S MANUAL,"** by Dr. S. E. Forman and Marjorie Shuler, with an introduction by Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt. It is published by The Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, and is sold by all booksellers for a dollar.

"THE WOMAN VOTER'S MANUAL" explains what the machinery of balloting is, tells the steps to be taken by the voter in all kinds of elections, and in general makes the way easy for any voter. It supplies a background of information as to the organization of the government, the history of the chief political parties, and other related subjects that are indispensable to the citizen, upon whom the burden rests not only of voting but of voting intelligently. It's a safe dollar investment for any voter. Buy it to-day.

A Champion of Side Shows

(Continued from page 525)

war legislation from Congress. He approves the proceedings in the main tent, but for himself, he has quit it to concentrate his voluble energies on increasing the attendance in the side shows. No doubt, as he said, most people in Toronto would hear him cheerfully on prohibition. But Toronto has fought and bled in the war that Mr. Bryan has side-stepped. If there were a few in that town who felt that a man who had backed away from a great subject should not be heard just now on a lesser one, how can one blame them?

Mr. Bryan is a good patriot according to his lights. He is sincere, and at times is useful. He has contributed a great influence with followers whose minds are adjusted to his to induce them to support the war. His patriotism is not disputed in the United States, but it is a tender plant and carefully guarded. If someone else will strip to fight for the honor of the country he will always stand ready to medicate its laws.

"Those Hateful Practices"

In a bound volume of the *Idler*, dated 1795, we find:

Among the inferior Professors of medical knowledge, is a race of wretches, whose lives are only varied by varieties of cruelty: whose favourite amusement is to nail dogs to tables and open them alive; to try how long life may be continued in various degrees of mutilation, or with the excision or laceration of the vital parts; to examine whether burning irons are felt more acutely by the bone or tendon; and whether the more lasting agonies are produced by poison forced into the mouth or injected into the veins.

What is alledged in defence of these hateful practices, every one knows; but the truth is, that by knives, fire, and poison, knowledge is not always sought, and is very seldom attained. The experiments that have been tried, are tried again; he that burned an animal with irons yesterday, will be willing to amuse himself with burning another tomorrow. I know not, that by living dissections any discovery has been made by which a single malady is more easily cured. And if the knowledge of Physiology has been somewhat encreased he surely buys knowledge dear, who learns the use of the lacteals at the expence of his humanity. It is time that universal resentment should arise against these horrid operations, which tend to harden the heart, extinguish those sensations which give man confidence in man, and make the Physician more dreadful than the gout or stone.

The article is not signed, but it was probably written by Dr. Johnson. It goes to show that the cruelties of vivisection were, at that time also, an offense to thoughtful people.

No Political Axes to Grind

The Christian Science Monitor—the international daily newspaper—has no political axes to grind. Its concept of its responsibility is not limited by partisan affiliations. Its endeavor is to support and protect every righteous activity expressed individually or nationally. It is also ready to risk the displeasure of even the most humanly powerful interests and systems, in order that the light of publicity shall penetrate their motives and actions.

The Christian Science Monitor, 3c a copy, is on general sale throughout the world at news stands, hotels and Christian Science reading-rooms. A monthly trial subscription by mail anywhere in the world for 75c, a sample copy on request.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE
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New—and a wonder!

YOU can now buy a medium weight, medium sized golf ball that even against the wind is *unsurpassed by any ball for distance*. This is the new

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"30"**

\$1 each
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For sale by golf professionals.

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"I SUPPOSE WHEN YOU HAVE BEEN FLYING FOR A YEAR OR SO IT BECOMES SECOND NATURE."

"SUREST THING, YOU KNOW. WHY, I'M GETTING SO THAT I OFTEN FEEL A CRAVING FOR WORMS AND BIRD SEED."

French Babies

(Continued from page 522)

1984. Antoinette Micouraud. Harry Addison Kuhn.
 2020. Raymond Michel. Charles Verity Hook and George M. Verity Hook.
 2021. Andrée Michel. Charles Verity Hook and George M. Verity Hook.
 2012. Marie Menez. Capt. and Mrs. Hobart H. Hawkins.
 2109. Georges Meary. Women's Auxiliary of the American Institute of Mining Engineers.
 2028. Alfred Morel. Mrs. Kathleen M. Blasdel.
 2058. René Nardin. Oakhurst Collegiate School.
 2085. Berthe Nevejans. Miami Valley Lodge, No. 20, American Rolling Mill Co., Middletown, Ohio.
 2061. Henri Noé. Miss Katharine Brayton.
 2025. Hélène Nolet. Clara Vibberts Parsons.
 2116. Victor Alamercery. Several contributors.
 2117. Félix André. R. W. Wilmot.
 2197. Théodora Andrieu. Mrs. William Young Westervelt.
 2150. Odette Arnol. W. W. French, Yankton, S. D., and C. R. Swickard.
 2118. Gaston Baglan. Mrs. Gordon R. Campbell.
 2188. René Baldo. The Welfare Association.

AT last it has been discovered why Jonah was so cheerful when he escaped from the belly of the whale. The monster had previously swallowed a complete file of LIFE, and, there being plenty of whale oil, Jonah was able to read in comfort.

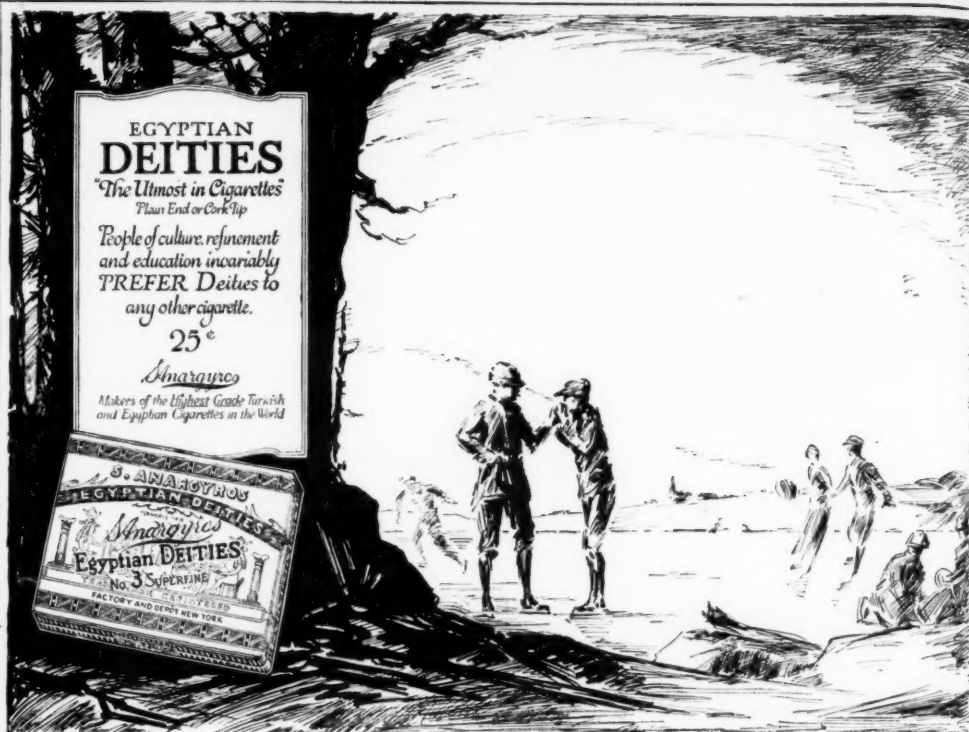
Battering The Boche

This is the title of a brilliant, dramatic, thrilling account of fighting on the West Front by Preston Gibson, a young American dramatist who was in the midst of it, and who was decorated by the French Government for his "fearlessness and devotion on many occasions before St. Quentin and the Aisne."

The book describes the emotions of a man arriving for the first time at the front; describes the effects of the various gases used by the Germans, the conditions of the roads, camouflage, observation posts, dugouts, trenches, etc.; tells about the movement of troops, the morale of the French Army, the value of artillery, the preparation for an offensive, the expenditure of a billion dollars' worth of ammunition in ten days; and presents the greatest and most successful offensive the French have made. Moreover, there are numerous little sketches poignant with emotion that burn pictures in the imagination.

The book is not merely an exposition of tremendous facts; it is the reaction of a keenly sensitized man to the most colossal event of modern times, told with the beauty, power, and simplicity of a literary artist.

"Battering the Boche" is illustrated with photographs. It is published by The Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, and is sold at all bookstores for \$1.00.



OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



She Took Matters in Her Own Hands

When Elsie came home from a neighbor's house munching a chocolate, her mother said reprovingly:

"Now, Elsie, how many times have I told you not to ask Mrs. Grey for chocolates?"

"I didn't ask her for any," replied Elsie calmly. "I know where she keeps them."—*The Youth's Companion*.

All the Signs

"Would you consider Jasserby an optimist?"

"I'm sure he's one."

"Quite positive, eh?"

"Yes. I've seen him follow a golf crank to the links, hoping he would get a chance to talk business with him."

—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"THE MANOR" Asheville, North Carolina
 IN AMERICA—AN ENGLISH INN—Perfect GOLF

BOBBIE had been taken by his father to the circus. The youngster came home round-eyed with excitement and flushed with enthusiasm.

"Oh, ma," he exclaimed, "if you go once to the circus with me you'll never want to fool away time going to church again."—*The Argonaut*.

THE LAWYER: The precedents are against you, madam.

THE LADY: Well, sue them, too, then.
 —*Boston Transcript*.

POWDER IN SHOES AS WELL AS GUNS

Foot-Ease to Be Added to Equipment of Hospital Corps at Fort Wayne.

Under the above heading the *Detroit Free Press*, among other things says: "The theory is that soldiers whose feet are in good condition can walk further and faster than soldiers who have corns and bunions incased in rawhide."

The Plattsburg Camp Manual advises men in training to shake Foot-Ease in their shoes each morning.

One war relief committee reports, of all the things sent out in their Comfort Bags or "Kits," Allen's Foot-Ease received the most praise from the soldiers and men of the navy. It is used by American, French and British troops, because it takes the Friction from the Shoe and freshens the feet. There is no foot comforter equal to Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic, healing powder to be shaken into the shoes and sprinkled in the foot-bath, the standard remedy for over 25 years for hot, tired, aching, perspiring, smarting, swollen, tender feet, corns, bunions, blisters or callouses.

Why not order a dozen or more 25c. boxes to-day from your Druggist or Dep't. store to mail to your friends in training camps and in the army and navy.

2 Clear Your Throat
 with
Zymole Trokeys

Quick Relief for Husky, Hoarse, Tickling Throats
 25c at all Drug Stores. Sample for two-cent stamp
Frederick Stearns & Company, - Detroit, U. S. A.
Makers of NIP-A-CO laxative cold tablets

BELL-ANS
 Absolutely Removes
 Indigestion. One package
 proves it. 25c at all druggists.



THE BEST PART OF THE GAME

Browning Guns Are Good!

THE Springfield Republican says that the Browning machine gun has won out, that Mr. Baker and General Crozier are justified and their critics beaten, and that "General Pershing's army will have the finest machine gun of any army in Europe."

Let us hope so, but when?

There may be Browning guns enough to be useful in the present war. It depends on how long the war lasts.

The question at issue in the Browning-Lewis gun dispute was not as to the relative merits of the guns, but as to the expediency of taking what could be had while a new gun was making. The Lewis gun was good and could be had in quantity. The navy took it for immediate needs. The War Depart-



A run in the fresh air of the open country is better for the boy than any amount of indoor track work. Nothing monotonous about outdoor sport. Every good boy's school encourages runs and walks over the fields and country roads.

The announcements of the best schools can be found in Scribner's Magazine every month. If detailed information is desired, address

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE SCHOOL AND COLLEGE SERVICE DEPARTMENT

Scribner Building, Fifth Avenue
Room 19 - - New York



"Gracefully he floated over their heads"

Humor, Romance, Adventure, Conquest

DROWSY

By JOHN AMES MITCHELL

The author of "Amos Judd" and "The Pines of Lory," has written the story of the future mechanical and spiritual triumph of man. His hero anticipates the Garabed.

Published by Stokes. Sent upon receipt of \$1.50 by LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 17 West 31st Street, New York City.

ment was criticised because it did not take enough Lewis guns to tide it over an emergency. That criticism still looks sound, and the Republican has not upset it.

General Crozier's merits as an ordnance expert have not been seriously disputed. He was criticised because he couldn't get guns, and Mr. Baker was criticised for not promptly finding someone who was a more proficient provider.

GIRLS Clear Your Skin
Save Your Hair
With Cuticura
Soap, Oint., Talcum
Zc. each. Sample
each of "Cuticura,"
Dept. B, Boston."

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
-MADE AT KEY WEST-

THE modishness of Gowns in décolleté or with filmy voile or Georgette sleeves is especially effective when the underarms are beautifully smooth.

Evans's Depilatory Outfit

is the standard means of removing superfluous hair temporarily. Any way of removing hair permanently is harmful.

75c—complete, with convenient means for applying the depilatory. At your own drug- or department-store—or send 75c with your dealer's name direct to us.

George B Evans 1106 Chestnut St Philadelphia
Makers of "Mum"

From Our Readers

(Continued from page 524)

have never thought of fighting before. Don't let America carry the stigma of being a cold-blooded country like Germany.

Again thanking you, I am,
Very sincerely,

R. J. FISHER.

Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 21, 1918.

Needless Deaths?

To the Editor of LIFE:

These days when the army reports show three hundred new cases of pneumonia a week and about one hundred and fifty deaths from this cause, many friends of osteopathy are inquiring what the physicians of that school are doing. The answer is brief.

After trying all the fall to arrange for clinics near the big camps for the benefit of the men who have depended on osteopathy and others who might want it, the president of the American Osteopathic Association on January 2d formally offered to establish these clinics at the cantonments and maintain them without cost to men or government. A month's delay followed. Then the Surgeon-General wrote that he could not use the service offered. Before the Military Affairs Committee of the House he urged his opposition to a bill the purpose of which was to admit osteopathic physicians duly licensed in their state for commissions in the army.

Perhaps it is not strange that the Surgeon-General, so recently a president of the A. M. A., should feel this way about a rival school.

But how about the dying soldier who thinks osteopathy would have saved him?
S.

On Duty Elsewhere

An Irish soldier had just lost an eye in battle, but was allowed to continue in the service on consenting to have a glass eye in its place, says an English paper. One day, however, he appeared on parade without his artificial eye.

"Nolan," said the officer, "you are not properly dressed. Why is your artificial eye not in its place?"

"Sure, sir," replied Nolan, "I left it in me box to keep an eye on me kit while I'm on parade."—*Youth's Companion*.

Save Your Pockets and Your Keys Buy a Key Kase

8-hook Morocco Kase, Black or Brown; holds 12 to 15 Keys. \$1.00

6-hook Morocco Kase, Black or Brown; holds 8 to 10 Keys. 75c

8-hook Cowhide Kase, Black or Brown; holds 12 to 15 Keys. 75c

6-hook Cowhide Kase, Black or Brown; holds 8 to 10 Keys. 50c

Prices to dealers on request.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO.
Box 36 Providence, R. I.



\$2* Invested in Vogue (a tiny fraction of your loss on a single ill-chosen hat or gown) Will Save You \$200

This year, above all others, when extravagance and waste must be avoided, you should have Vogue at your right hand. For now, every woman must devote even more than her usual care to the selection of every detail of her wardrobe, so that not one hat, gown or wrap may remain unworn and its price wasted.

The gown you buy and never wear is the really expensive gown. Gloves, boots, hats, that miss being exactly what you want are the ones that cost more than you can afford.

VOGUE

suggests

that before you spend a single penny on your new clothes, before you even begin to plan your spring wardrobe, you consult its great series of Spring and Summer Fashion Numbers. Save yourself from a wrong start. Begin with the

*Paris Openings Number

(NOW READY)

For \$2, a tiny fraction of your loss on a single ill-chosen hat or gown, you may have the Spring and Summer Fashion Numbers of Vogue.

HERE ARE YOUR 9 NUMBERS:

Ten if you mail the coupon now

*Paris Openings

The inimitable models of the Grandes Maisons, determining the mode. Apr. 1

Smart Fashions for War Incomes

Apr. 15

Must you economize? And yet look chic? A Vogue-trained dollar is a dollar doubled.

Brides' Number

May 1

Charming brides, in charming gowns, are married charmingly in this number of Vogue.

Summer Homes

May 15

And everything for them, from a Korean teahouse to a Sz-Chuen birdcage.

Summer Fashions

June 1

Summer clothes are fascinating. Vogue knows. Shows. Buys. And you have no regrets.

In the Country

June 15

Everything from a piquant parasol to a clingless bathing suit. What to read and what to do with your friends when you entertain.

Hot Weather Fashions

July 1

How to be cool though decorative. The latest Paris touch, and how to apply it in your own costumes.

The Hostess Number

July 15

How to dress one's salad, one's table, one's servants. Chats about books, plays, war-charities and people.

Interior Decorations

Aug. 1

Vogue considers the temperament, age, and station in life of a house, and furnishes it accordingly.

Children's Number

Aug. 15

Every year the fashions for children grow quainter and sweeter—English plain or French-ruffled—and Vogue has caught all their charm.

Don't Send Money

Don't bother to inclose a cheque, or even to write a letter. The coupon opposite will do, and is easier and quicker. With one stroke of the pen, you will solve your entire spring and summer clothes problem, assuring yourself valuable and new ideas and insuring yourself against costly failures.



(C) Vogue

*Special Offer

Nine Numbers of Vogue for \$2—ten if you mail the coupon now.

We will start your subscription with one of the first copies off the press of our Paris Openings Number, thus giving you TEN numbers of Vogue instead of nine, if your order is received in time.

Since the additional copy must come out of a small reserve supply on hand to meet the demand for this annual Paris Openings Number, you can see why this extra number cannot be guaranteed unless your order is received immediately.

VOGUE, 19 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City
Please send me the NINE numbers of Vogue as described. I will forward \$2 on receipt of bill (OR) I enclose \$2 herewith. It is understood that if this order is returned promptly, you will send me an extra complimentary copy of the Paris Openings Number, making TEN issues in all.
Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....
I-3-28-18

Only a Horse

Issued by "The New York Women's League for Animals"

Only a horse that lies dead in the street,
Prone on the pave, 'mid the hurrying
feet:

Only a horse! that, through sunshine
and rain,

Toiled for his master, and did not com-
plain!

Cart him away! he has pulled his last
load

Over the hills, through the long winding
road;

Weary and bruised, sore and crippled
and sprained,—

Worked to his death, but he never com-
plained.

Rough is his coat, with each rib show-
ing through;

Scant though his food, he was faithful
and true!

Beaten, abused, bearing burdens of
pain—

Only a horse and he could not complain!

Cart him away, his labors are o'er;
Heavy for him were the burdens he bore.
Cover him up, for his end is attained,—
Dying in harness, he never complained!

Who shall dare say,—such as these have
no soul,—

Nothing before them, no far away goal;
No need for toil, and no balm for their
pain,

Though they are silent, and I never com-
plain!

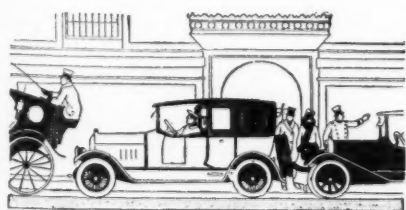
There must be surcease, and freedom
from care,

"Rest for the weary," forever some-
where;

Some glad unwinding of earth's tangled
skein;

Where Justice triumphs, and none need
complain!

F. Walter Osborne.



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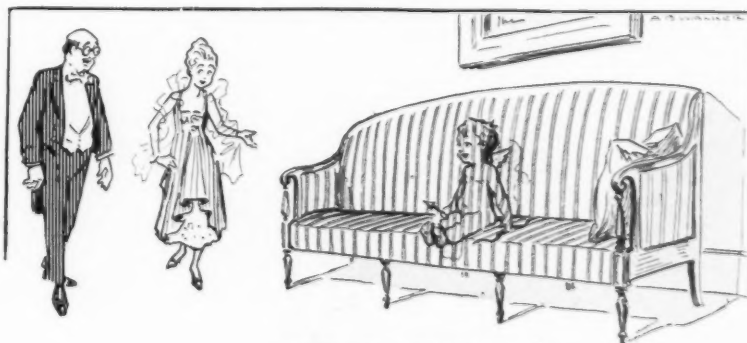
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President
W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO.
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